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She: I AM SO SORRY I CANNOT LEARN TO LOVE YOU. INDEED, MY HEART ACHES FOR YOU.
He: SORT OF AN ACHING VOID?

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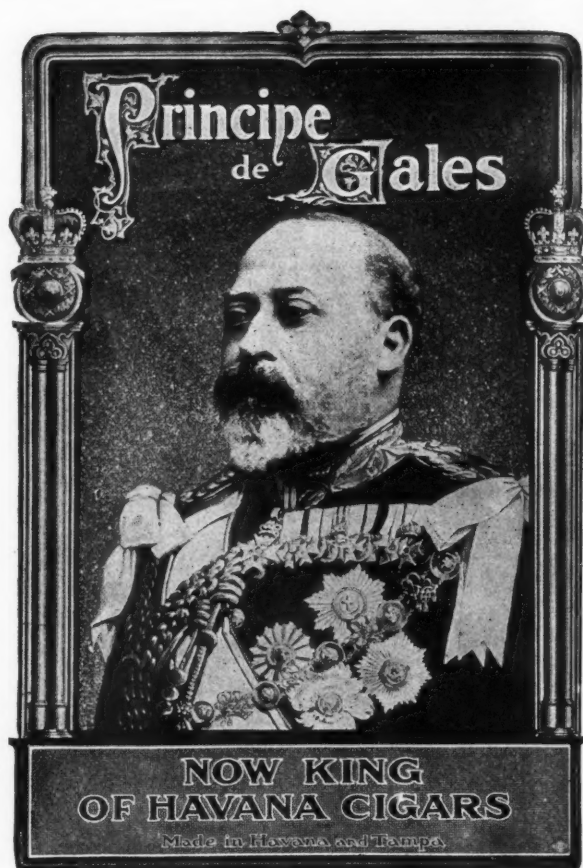
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In our engine, two cylinders set tandem turn directly (the
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engine and gear encased, and run in oil. No torch is used
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controls the power. Free from so-called "steam" troubles.
Just what you have been looking for—ready to ship. Prices
from \$900 up; Gasoline, 15 horse power, \$2,500; Electric
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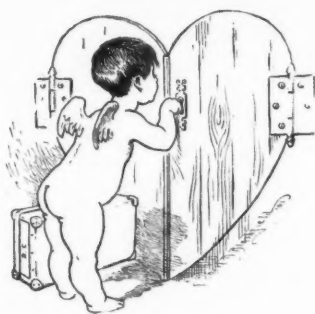
LIFE



She: I CAN LAND THINGS WHEN THEY RITE.

He: I KNOW, BUT YOU ALWAYS THROW THEM BACK.

The Abiding Guest.



IT is no use to question me—
I know not how he came:
The little god, adventurous,
Who told me but his name.

I only know he made his home
Where he might watch my door.
I could not venture in or out
But he was there before.

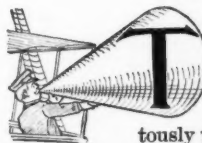
And so, perforce, I took him in
And lodged him in my heart;
Now, what is his, and what is mine,
We cannot tell apart.

Sometimes I pay a penalty
Of sorrow for his jest,
Sometimes I fret in anger at
Obeying his behest.

Yet, if some morning I should wake
To find that he had flown,
The years would be too long and gray
To journey through alone!

Charlotte Becker.

Fit.



THE President's official yacht, the *Mayflower*, has, as the public prints felicitously put it, been made the "fit habitation for the ruler of a wealthy nation."

The main halyards (and presum-

ably the mizzen top-gallant also) are in pink and mauve velours, the lee scuppers are Louis Quatorze, while the hatches are blue Delft. Anyway, they cost fifty thousand dollars, which is the main thing.

The name *Mayflower* is a good-natured thrust at the Pilgrim fathers, whose ship was fitted out with ludicrous simplicity.

HAPPINESS is but a loan to be returned in an hour.

THE "Confessions of a Wife" are believed in Boston to be by the author of "An Old Maid's Paradise."

TODD: What do you mean by saying that my baby is just an ordinary baby?

TODD: Why, he is precocious and beautiful and the best that ever lived, isn't he?



"While there is Life there's Hope."

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THE
Pope
and Gov-
ernor

Taft will doubtless work out the Philippine-friar problem in the course of the summer. The friars are out already, and cannot be put back where they were. Nor does anybody seem to want them put back. The problem is to make a fair settlement with them, and be quit of them altogether. Governor Taft wants the Pope to order them out of the islands. The Governor, as the representative of the Philippine Government, is ready to buy all the friar-lands at a fair price, but doesn't want the friars. The Pope, as representative of the Catholic hierarchy, seems agreeable to the sale of the lands, but is loath to order off the friars. The friars, as Spanish subjects, have a treaty right to remain on the islands, and that hinders the Philippine Government from expelling them. The Filipinos insist that the friars shall withdraw. If they were persons of reasonable delicacy they would respect the desires of the Filipinos and Americans and the embarrassment of the Holy Father, and go. But they are not constituted on that plan. Never mind! The end is certain, though the processes look confused. We know the friars are going. If the Governor and the Pope cannot plan a feasible route for them, there

are other possible expedients, and at a pinch the Philippine Government can be reincorporated under the laws of New Jersey, which are guaranteed to qualify any corporation to do lawfully any illegal thing that seems to be good business.



SOME American Roman Catholic societies have complained to our Government that some of the teachers sent out to the Philippines from this country are trying to convert Filipinos to the Protestant religion. The teachers must not do it in school. We don't allow religious teaching in our public schools here, and should not encourage it in schools under Government control in the Philippines. It does not appear, though, that it is anybody's concern what sort of religion, if any, the teachers may teach out of school, though the charge that they are proselyting seems very ill supported.

Give the Protestants a fair show in the Philippines! A reasonable amount of open competition between churches is a good thing in any country. The Roman Catholic Church in the Philippines seems not to have been an unqualified success. A brisk Protestant competition ought to help matters.



IT would make appreciably for the relief of the public mind if Tracy, the bandit, and Mary McLane could be induced to embark their fortunes in the same craft—a frail craft preferred. Miss McLane—who may be a mythical personage invented by western newspapers—is reported to be moving east from a town named Butte, in Montana, much to the disquietude of New England, and especially of Radcliffe College in Cambridge, for which rumor says she is bound. It is hard to believe she is real, though Butte is positively described by geographies and other repositories of fact as an actual place. A book has been published which is averred to have been written by her, and Chicago newspaper reporters assert

that they have seen her. That is all the proof there is that she is real, and that is inconclusive, for mythical persons are often credited with being authors, and the Chicago newspaper reporters are subject to hypnotic influence and have seen air-ships and many things that were not there.



BUT if the McLane is real, Tracy is the man for her. Tracy seems to be actual enough, though elusive. At this writing a thousand men or thereabouts have been hunting him in the Northwest for a month. They want to capture or shoot him, for he is an unruly person—an escaped convict—and has had to shoot a good many of his pursuers since he left jail. His remarkable abilities in eluding capture have won him so great a reputation that it seems a question now what will be done with him if he is caught. It will go against thrift to kill a man who has been so extensively advertised, and has shown such surprising energy. The newspaper pictures of him are growing handsomer with every issue, and he stands better with the general public with every new deputy sheriff that he shoots. It is a hard problem about Tracy. If Miss McLane would consent to elope with him she would carry relief to the Northwest, which could then get in its wheat. In that case, too—it can be promised—all the influence of Radcliffe College will be exerted to have the pursuit of Tracy stopped.



IT is pleasant to see a man start in to have fun with his money, and nobody does it with heartier glee than Mr. Charles Schwab. It seems that he is going to build himself a big three-or-four million dollar house on Riverside Drive. That is doubtless unwise, but one of the advantages of having a great deal more money than one needs is that it enables one to do a good many foolish things and live on comfortably to see the folly of them.



A SUNDAY SERMON
ON THE MORAL SUPERIORITY OF MAN TO ANIMALS.

Our Fresh-Air Fund.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$4,348.36
A. W. C.....	50.00
In memory of W. F. A.....	5.00
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First installment, second payment, on the account of the Westchester sub- scription to the LIFE Fresh-Air Fund..	150.00
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Half of the profits of the Odd and End Shop, Farmington, Conn.....	40.00
Arthur W. Clogher.....	1.00
In memory of E. B. K.....	5.00
Cash.....	5.00
	\$4,621.36

THE dearth of blankets and bathing suits at LIFE'S Farm has been severely felt, and the recent gift of one hundred and fifty dollars from the Westchester Association for the purchase of these articles is most gratefully received.

LETTERS FROM LIFE'S FARM.

DEAR KATIE:

This morning Mary got your postal card and I tell you that we are all right. We are very glad to stay here and we have lots of fun. Tell my mother that we are all right. Get my best regards you and John and you get a hundred kisses from your friend

Lena.

June 23, 1902.

New York

DEAR MOTHER

I reached her alright and it is a very nice place we go in swimming in morning and afternoon. My shoes will last for two weeks and you could send me a few cents we will come home for dinner on 4 of July Your son,

Louis.

LIFE'S FARM, BRANCHVILLE, CONNECTICUT.

Uncivilization.

THE hot-headed, to say nothing of those whose heads are cool but coppery, will naturally seize on the incident, related by Admiral Dewey in his testimony to the Senate Committee, of the Filipino patriot who did not accompany our fleet from Hong Kong to Manila because he couldn't take his tooth-brush along.

Of course a people are not necessarily ripe for autonomy just because they do not go on journeys without their tooth-brushes. There are different types of uncivilization. There are, notably, two types: the candid uncivilization, such as the British encountered in South Africa, where the Boers frankly slept in their uniforms, not even the field officers having nighties; and the disingenuous, subtle uncivilization, such as we have to deal with in the Philippines, where the exterior aspect of culture is largely affected.

But will the masses see this?



AT LIFE'S FARM.

A HELPING HAND BY THE ROADSIDE.



MISS ADELE MARIE SHAW has a gift of vivid description and uses it to good advantage in *The Coast of Freedom*. This is a tale of witchcraft days in New England, with Cotton Mather as chief lion and a little piracy introduced as seasoning. The historical romance parade, by the by, has now been ten years passing a given point and no end in sight. (Doubleday, Page and Company. \$1.50.)

It would seem that the diplomatic campaigns of an English widow in marrying off eight daughters, seriatim, would make either exceedingly clever or exceedingly dull reading. *The Confessions of a Match-making Mother*, by Lillias Campbell Davidson, is, however, neither the one nor the other. It is mildly amusing in some places and mildly wearisome in others, with the mildly amusing predominant. (J. F. Taylor and Company. \$1.50.)

Roman Biznet, a study in character and heredity among the French-Indian half-breeds of northern New York, is rather remarkable for a first novel and bespeaks decided ability for Georgia Wood Pangborn. As a story it has a fatal blemish, however. It leaves the reader in complete ignorance of the fate of the chief actors, and in the case of *Roman Biznet* this is like describing the escape of a circus tiger and not telling what befell the spectators. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$1.50.)

Some incidents from one of the perennial revolutions of Central America form the

basis of *The Late Returning*, by Marjory Williams. The incidents are tragic and the characters so far fail to excite our sympathy that we rejoice to see them come to a sudden and definitive end. For this an affected crispness and a staccato insistence upon immaterial detail in the author's method are largely responsible. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.25.)

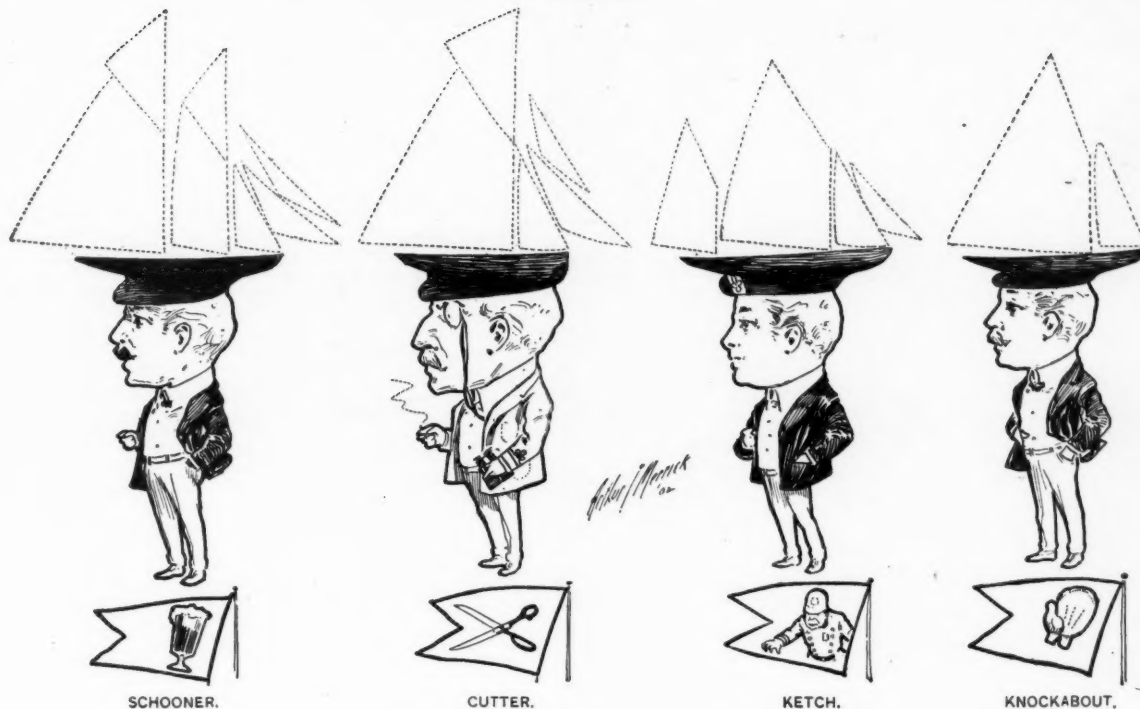
In *Bylow Hill* George W. Cable makes an excursion from Creole land to the heart of New England. He takes two Southern women with him, but gracefully avoids dialect by rendering their words "as they thought they spoke them." It is a clean-cut little story and beautifully illustrated. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.)

The experiences of a young Presbyterian clergyman of the new school in a small New York parish unaffected by modern religious developments is told by Henry Edward Rood in *Hardwicke*. The description of Ormond village is clever and amusing. The story itself dwindles to the vanishing point long before the end of the book. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.)

The Pagan's Cup, by Fergus Hume, is an old-fashioned semi-detective story about a lost heir and a lost heirloom. In 1830 it would have been termed "a thrilling romance." You can read it in two hours and forget it in ten minutes. (G. W. Dillingham Company.)

The amateur student of old New York will find some good hints in Charles Hemstreet's *When Old New York Was Young*. The volume is well illustrated and pleasantly written. It does not pretend to be either comprehensive or thorough in treatment. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.)

J. B. Kerfoot.



SOME 1902 FASHIONS IN YACHTING CAPS, WITH PRIVATE SIGNALS TO CORRESPOND.

Chastening.

ENGLAND'S misfortune is ours, anyway, for blood is thicker than water. But now, when we read about the things the American peeresses were to have had on at the coronation, our grief ceases to be a merely sympathetic grief; we feel the weight of affliction all our own in the sudden illness of the king.

Who has the heart to estimate the loss of national prestige by the Duchess of Marlborough having no chance to appear in "a tiara rivalling the

tiara of the Duchess of Portland"? Or by Cora, Lady Strafford, not being enabled to display "a very high diamond tiara, with rubies and pearls draped like an aiguillette on her left shoulder"?

Lady Dufferin was to have worn "all the heirlooms of the Dufferin family." This is probably exclusive of brass andirons and fire-shovels, but even at that, how mortifying!

Verily, whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth.

KISSES, like sorrows, should be divided.

MAY: I hear Belle had a great talk with Harry out on the beach.

CLARA: I should say she did. Why, even her tongue is sunburned.

THOUGHTLESS charity is twice cursed: it curseth him that gives, and him that takes.



THE BRAIN OF A GILDED YOUTH.



"MAUDE WAS NOT LIKE OTHER GIRLS."

Life to His Critics.



LIFE has been receiving a great many letters from his critics during the past few months. Some of them have been published—many of them have not been.

To those, friendly or otherwise, who have had no formal answer to their communications, LIFE begs leave herewith to present his acknowledgments. He is always glad to read opinions about his conduct.

Those opinions, it is true, have not always been couched in the choicest language. LIFE has been called names—bad, spiteful names. Some of the letters received have been so loaded down with epithets that the genial postman might have staggered under the burden. But alas! the worst of them have always been anonymous—and all the world knows that an anonymous letter carries no weight.

Those who have commended LIFE's course—and it is but just to say that these have outnumbered the others—have not been so timid. Their names have always been appended.

LIFE is always glad to receive instruction.

But, friends, sign your names! If you do not care to have your letter published, mark it "Not for publication." Your confidence will not be abused.

Anti-Kickers' Column.

A VITAL PARADOX.

BECAUSE I hate the soldier's trade of war,
And all the arts that foster it abhor,
Because I hold it wrong for sake of game
Poor, helpless animals to kill and maim,
And would the vivisector's hand arrest,
Degrading science in its torturing quest,
Because I long for peace to banish strife,
Therefore my weekly joy is taking LIFE.

May 2, 1902.

Subscriber.

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE.

Dear Sir: Here is another striking excerpt from Digby's "Prosperous British India": "The Salvation Army in Gujarat wanted land for cultivation; about five hundred and sixty acres were found which suited them admirably. But it was mainly grazing land, and had been under grass from time immemorial. If it were broken up or taken away from them a large village of cultivators would suffer. The cultivators protested. They might have saved their breath. The newcomers were in the land to bring the people into the way of eternal life, even though this life were ended through the combination (by the missionaries) of things seen with things unseen, things earthly with things heavenly. Only by very great exertion was a riot averted."

W. L. Garrison.

Boston, June 9, 1902.

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE.

Dear Sir: Commendatory expressions on your valuable paper must be frequent indeed (the "Kickers' Column" to the contrary notwithstanding), but I take pleasure in calling your attention to this appreciative analysis by the

greatest of living philosophers, Mr. Herbert Spencer.

The mere fact that a man whose mind concentrates only on things of world-wide import has devoted time and thought to a searching study of your motives, aims and ambitions, is a compliment in itself, but the result, as embodied in the ensuing quotation from the "First Principles of the Synthetic Philosophy," seems to me so imbued with sympathy, comprehension and admiration that I am impelled to bring it to your notice.

Praise from so distinguished a source would be noteworthy in any event, but I would call especial attention to the extreme lucidity of the phrase, so unfortunately rare in these wuzzled days, and ask your readers to note how, in a few carefully selected words, the true purport and intention of your work has been laid bare.

Mr. Herbert Spencer says (of course after an exhaustive study of your paper from its earliest edition) that "LIFE is a definite combination of heterogeneous changes, both simultaneous and successive, in correspondence with external co-existences and sequences!"

While you live up to this standard, dear Mr. Editor, I feel certain that you will never lack subscribers, and among them you may always find the name of

C. R. Bacon.

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE.

Dear Sir: In answer to Mr. V. P. Clarkson's letter I would say that LIFE takes the right standing in regard to religion. Mr. Clarkson seems to think that every nationality on earth must look at religion the way the Christian does. In this way he shows a small and narrow mind. Let him put himself in the place of the Chinaman and have foreigners coming to his country and

trying to change a religion which they have practiced for hundreds of years.

Very truly yours,

R. A. M.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., June 25, 1902.

THE devil is the oldest living D. D.

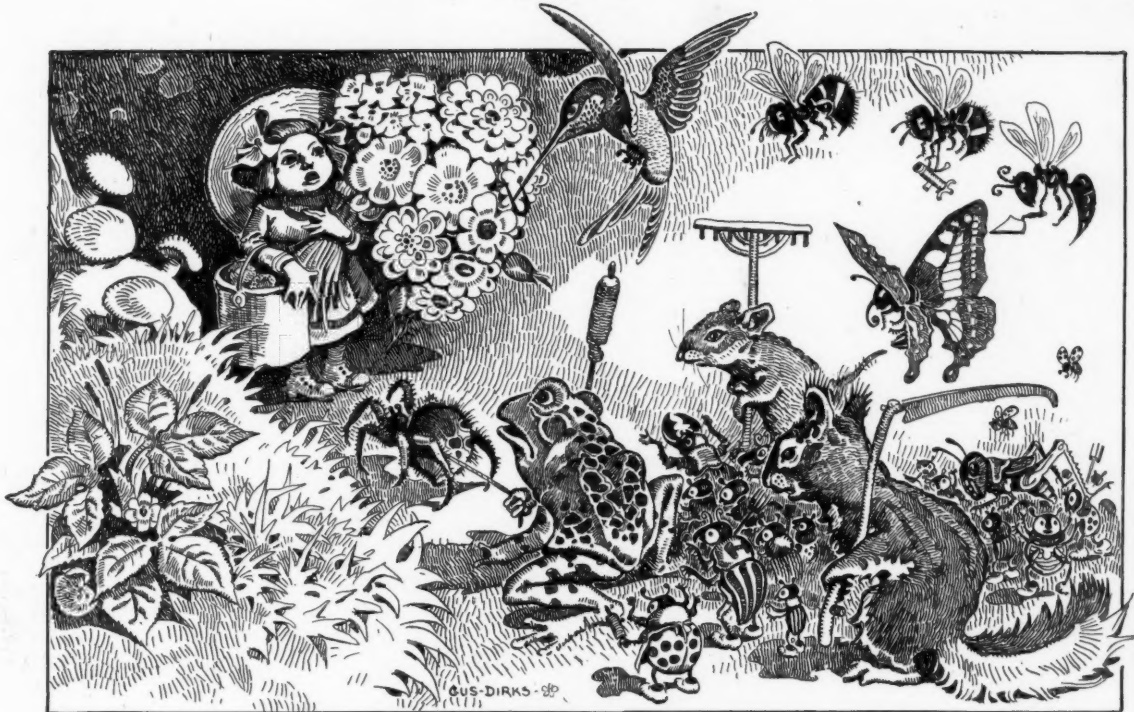
NOT yet at this writing has the President's hard fight for relief for the Cuban sugar planters, and thereby for the new Cuban Republic, won any sort of advantage for that appealing cause. It is a sore pity, and discouraging. There will come a reckoning with the Republicans who have stood in with the highly protected sugar beet interests, and incidentally with all the highly protected interests, but that will not help the Cubans, whose need is present and extremely pressing. There is much talk about an expenditure of ten thousand dollars of Cuban money by General Wood in behalf of his needed legislation for Cuba, but though there may be a question about the expediency of what he did, it seems not to be of much importance. There is a last-ditch fight for the beet sugar men, and the men who are making it would rather talk about General Wood, or anything else, than about the merits of the proposition they oppose.



ON THE BEACH.

"IT'S POSITIVELY SHOCKING, THAT BATHING SUIT!"

"AT THE OPERA SHE AT LEAST HAD HER DIAMONDS ON."



LITTLE KATHERINE'S DREAM.

Farmers of Wild Flower Country: AH, HA! SO YOU'RE THE ONE THAT'S BEEN ROBBING OUR FLOWER GARDENS AND BERRY ORCHARDS.

An Interview.



I PRESSED the lily of the valley in the front door of Cupid's residence—rather a neat device, by the way—and there was a merry tinkle that announced my presence inwardly.

An elf in vellum bowed low.

"My master," he observed, "is not well to-day, but he is always glad to see a representative of LIFE. Enter."

I found our old friend and benefactor sitting in an invalid's chair.

"Well, well," I exclaimed.

"This is sad. What's the trouble?"

Cupid smiled grimly.

"Nothing serious," he said. "I was over in Boston the other day and caught cold. Nasty place that."

"I didn't suppose," I ventured, "that you were so delicate."

"I'm delicate," said Cupid, "but wiry. A night in Newport will drive me to drink. I find that as time goes on I am more easily worn out."

"But I had no idea that you were any sort of an invalid."

"I'm not!" said my host testily. "But this modern life is telling on me."

"Have you tried some of our modern remedies?"

"Well, I should say! Christian Science nearly did me up. I was worse after it than before. Then I tried the gold cure. No use. I'm nervous. People affect me."

"But surely——"

Cupid rang the bell. "Bring us a syphon of nectar and some Scotch," he said. "Yes," he continued, "that's what I mean. Take girls, for instance. I used to be fond of girls—girls in general, you know. Of course there are some I take to yet. But as a whole, they're not what they used to be. Those Puritan maids were great! Now—well, take the summer girl. She ignores me almost completely, and manages by herself."

"What you need," I observed, "is a good long rest."

"Nothing of the sort," said Cupid. "Solitude? Bah! What I need is the right folks."

"You seem in a bad way."

Cupid sipped his glass. It apparently revived him. He turned in his chair. A radiance came over his face.

"Nonsense!" he exclaimed. "I just happened to be thinking of that last trip I made, and it put me in a pessimistic mood. London, Paris, Boston, Newport, Waldorf—But it will be all right. I'll pick up in the next few days, because I'm going——"

"Where?" I asked.

"Slumming," said Cupid.

Tom Masson.



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MR. GRUBBS WALKS IN HIS SLEEP, AND APPEARS FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS OWN HOME

AND ONLY



According to St. Mark.

He's a very Lord of Laughter,
As we tread life's weary miles;
To the gayety of nations
He hath added many smiles.

THEY had been engaged in catching fish—or in fishing—and they were in a benevolent mood as they sat on the grass and smoked the pipe of peace. John Oliver Hobbes was telling Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler about the latest thing in imitation *bon-mots*, while Stanley Weyman was expostulating with Annie Swan on the bloodthirsty nature of her romances. I was feeling rather out of it, when the genial gentleman, whose Tom Sawyer had added largely to my infant devices for deceiving my adult relatives, turned to address me.

"Do you remember the days of my Innocents?"

"I remember all that you have written."

"My dear young friend, I hope not. That is an awful thing to tell an author. More than half of life's happiness lies in the ability to forget the jokes that one has heard. I try to lose sight of mine."

"Some humorists take absent treatment for their jokes."

A gleam of terror came in the hazel eyes, and he looked around apprehensively.

"Do be careful. Ever since I wrote that yarn about Christian Science, I have been sought by the disciples of Mrs. Baker Eddy. I have received two tons of the book, 'Science and Health,' and every day I wake up to find the bed covered with letters from people who have been cured of everything but insanity, by just thinking that they hadn't what they thought they had. It's a wise Christian Scientist who knows the disease he hasn't got."

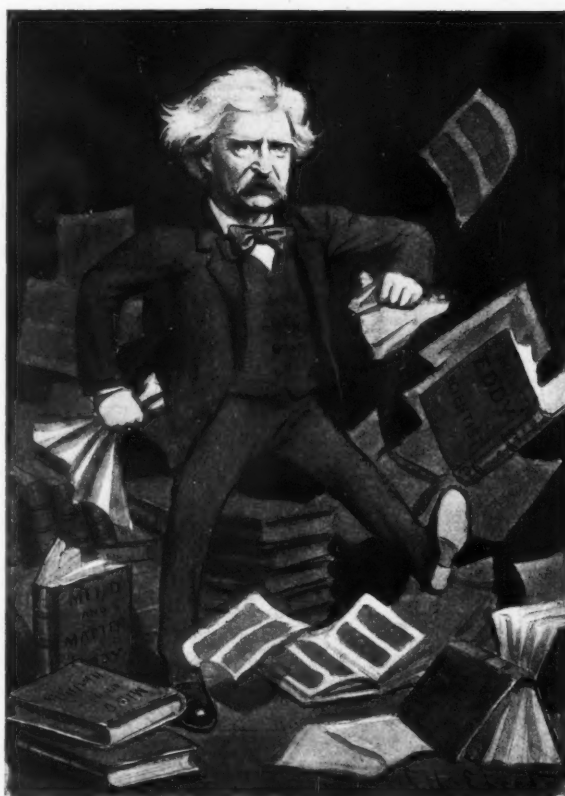
"I suppose you are speaking of the yarn about the man who fell down the Alps and broke all his bones and then was mended by the Christian Science lady?"

"I refer to that very tale. It brought me shekels and many commending reviews, but it has also brought me an immense literature to prove that our matter doesn't amount to anything. Now, don't reply, 'Never mind!' That's such a venerable retort."

"I never thought of saying such a thing," I replied, indignantly, but not with perfect regard for that which, when crushed to earth, shall rise again. However, some achieve greatness, and others are snubbed by it, and I resigned myself to the second class with such grace as I possessed.

"But aren't you afraid that all these Scientists may think of some evil until you are afflicted by it—rheumatism, or appendicitis——"

"That is just what several of them have threatened to do. But so long as they disagree, my lungs and heart are safe. It's my brain that I fear for. It isn't what it used to be, and, if it were attacked by the Christian Science germ, there might be a serious complication. But we have begun to take ourselves so seriously that a humorist must be put in quarantine ere he approaches the New York Customs."



"I have received two tons of 'Science and Health.'"

"That is rather an ordeal, isn't it?"

"The Customs? Well, I should prevaricate! You haven't anything like it in decadent Europe. If the Sultan ever strikes it, he'll think that Uncle Sam is trying to get even with those brigands who annexed the missionary, and held her till they were paid to let go."

"Are you going to have a duty on anarchists?"

"Away up. We can't have our trusts disturbed. Just as a few innocent citizens have met together to discuss public libraries or the amalgamation of the diamond interests, there comes a disagreeable ripping sound, and a twenty-story building is in ruins, while the newsboys are engaged in picking up souvenirs of the peaceful citizens. Paderewski's the only Pole who can charm the cheques from the men and the tears from the eyes of American beauty. And yet we cannot say of him in the language of dear Mr. Alexander Pope—he 'draws us by a single hair.' For a time it seemed as if we were breaking out in plaids, but our rashness was checked."

"You're a kind, tender people," I said softly. "I've never heard of a foreign lecturer's being injured while he was giving you dialect by the dishful."

"Well, we're brought up to stand a good deal—and—then—there's the Scotch highball. Then, the yacht races



DAVID AND HIS GOLIATHS.

keep us in good humor. We will attend any old talks on Scottish humor and other myths, so long as we hold the cup that cheers, but not—"

"I think I have heard that before in a W. C. T. U. meeting."

"I believe the line has been used on several occasions, to point a tea cup or adorn a white ribbon. But I suppose you would like to know something of my plans for next year. I've got a pretty good thing that I'm gradually getting into effective shape."

"What is it?"

"Of course, you won't say anything about it. 'When in doubt, tell a woman' is good advice. It's to be a little book on a delicate subject. I call it 'How to Prepare Missionaries.'"

"Most piquant and refreshing, I'm sure. I suppose you will dedicate it to the Tract Society?"

"There is only one person who can truly understand the feelings that inspired me as I wrote the title. I shall dedicate my tender chapters to the King of the Cannibal Islands."

"Do you consider the great variety of missionaries?"

"I have tried to cover most of those known to India and the islands of the sea. Some natives are very exacting and require several varieties of sauce."

"'Moody and Sankey' tunes wouldn't be bad."

"But they must be used cautiously. I have known even a healthy Fiji Islander who couldn't stand more than a spoonful of 'Oh, to be Nothing!' I've put in a little dressing of Sheldon and Tallmage, but I've come to the conclusion that the best arrangement will be for the native orchestra to play 'Where is My Wandering Boy To-night?' while the last course of missionary is being served. Of course, smilax and candelabra are out of the question, but a few palms and fig leaves might be used as decoration."

"You haven't heard from your missionary friends in China, lately, have you?"

"No, I greatly fear that they have been claimed by the wild waters of the Yang-tse-kiang. But I see that Lady Henry Somerset is waiting to say a few words to me on the subject of the Twain cocktail." J. G.

IF the people who can't write had the brains of those who can, and those who can had the skill of those who can't, what a glorious literature we would soon have.

PROVIDENCE has admirably adapted the average hearer to the average sermon.

A July Dinner.

BY A JUNE GRADUATE.



I MARRIED Betty the day after her "Commencement." My friends geyed me about marrying a college girl, and what did I expect to get to eat? But Betty was not of the Greek and Latin and eyeglass-species of A.B., but of the Economic-Scientific variety. (In fact,

I believe her letters were B.S.)

After several years of club dinners, smartly served, and very French in their sauces and savories, but monotonous in their variety, I looked forward to being "properly nourished" — this was Betty's phrase — and that "with no loss in art." In the words of the colored gentleman who had catered for Betty in her class-supper arrangements, "the aesthetic and the gastronomic instincts should be equally gratified."

And so — perhaps with some bravado — I invited my cynical bachelor friend, Teddy Lowndes, to our first dinner, after the return from our honeymoon to our charming new apartments in the Devonshire.

The three of us sat down in conspicuously high spirits. There was no *hors d'œuvre* to dally with, but the soup came on without delay, and Betty served it gaily.

What in the world was it? Black and thick, with a hint of sherry in the taste, it seemed a little like a black-bean *purée*, but Betty proudly informed us that it was made of Sicilian lentils, which could be bought of Cobb, Bates and Yerxa for four cents a pound.

This notion of the greatest possible nutrition for the smallest possible outlay had become to me a familiar shibboleth of "Domestic Science," but I saw in Teddy's eye a slight surprise at our sudden care for pennies. "Something queer about that," I fancied him thinking; "never knew Laurie was miserly."

"A pennyworth of lentils," Betty went blandly on, "contains, according to an English authority, as much nutriment as three shillings' worth of beef."

On came the next course. What a curious entrée! On Teddy's plate and on mine lay two walnuts and three almonds. I glanced at Betty's — one walnut and two almonds. The butler, trying his best to look impassive, brought a dish of chestnuts with a mushroom sauce.

We mixed our variegated nuts with mushrooms and ate them nervously. The plates were removed, and followed by — a lettuce salad and cheese!

"Where the devil is the roast?" I muttered under my breath to the butler, but Betty anticipated his excuses.

"We in America," she said statistically, "eat too much, and the wrong things. This dinner affords the exact number of calories proper for two sedentary men and one woman at light work. The nuts furnish the carbohydrates, the lentils the necessary proteids, and the lettuce some mineral elements—at least, I know they added up just right in my preliminary tables—"

We left the dining-room together. The walnuts we had had. The wine, being an unnecessary "element," we took, Teddy and I, in my den.

After a pause, Teddy remarked casually that he had never seen a prettier girl than Betty. Betty is not pretty, but I felt immensely grateful. J. C.

Civilities.



A PARTNER of J. P. Morgan being made a Companion of the Bath doubtless augurs a freer interchange of civilities between our Money Kings and the Mere Kings of Europe.

But whether this will lead to the British Ambassador being made a Companion of the Quick Lunch, it is impossible to say with any degree of assurance at this time.

In Training.

THE PARSON: Don't you know that smoking will stunt your growth?

THE KID: Wot do I care? I'm goin' ter be a jockey, anyway.



Politics.

THE Republicans seem to be trifling with the trust question. The Democrats talk fierce, but if they were in power they would probably be trifling too.

What does it suggest? Well, among other things, that when (if ever) wealth is arrayed against the general welfare, there is no relief through party politics.

But relief is likely to be had, and that makes the situation interesting. The trifling of politicians makes no great difference, further than that it compels relief to be had in a way which is sometimes too informal to be entirely agreeable.

The Fleecer Fleeced.

"YOU have been victimized," we say to the honest rustic, who is proudly displaying the gold brick he has brought home from the city.

"You have been victimized," we repeat. "This is but an imitation gold brick the man has sold you."

"Sold me?" he repeats, shrewdly. "Sold? Well, I guess not. I traded him cantaloupes for that."

Laughing the merry, carefree laugh of conscious victory he chirrups to old Dobbin and goes on down the pike.



DRAWING FROM THE NUDE.



JOLLY !

"OH, PAPA, WE HAVE A NEW GAME ! WE ARE PLAYING BABY IS A BANK, AND WE'VE PUT IN SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS ALREADY."

• LIFE •



THE CHAUFFEUR'S SONG.

I am impelled to succinctly state,
And I prate not in glittering platitudes,
That I am abroad or early or late,
Humbly increasing the world's death rate
Which is the proper attitude,
A highly desirable, very advisable,
Easily acquirable automobilist attitude.

The Juggernaut killed and maimed a lot
Of heathen in Hindu latitude,
But I just slaughter for fun, that's what I
I stop not for woman or man or tot,
Which is the proper attitude,
The to be sought for, wrought for and fought for,
The ne'er to be caught for automobilist attitude.

I am the Moloch of the road,
To slay is my beatitude,
I kill as a boy would kill a toad,
And I don't care a fig for the criminal code,
Which is the proper attitude,
A highly desirable, very advisable,
Easily acquirable automobilist attitude.

If I kill too many a fine I pay,
(For which you should show your gratitude),
For I might easily scorch away—

But really, the sport's worth a dollar a day,
Which is the proper attitude,
A not undefendable, quite unamendable,
A wholly commendable automobilist attitude.

—Rochester Post-Express.

The following incident is reported as having occurred in a Midland Revision Court. A certain person who figured on the register was objected to by one of the agents on the ground that he was dead. The revising barrister declined to accept the assurance, however, and demanded conclusive testimony on the point.

Thereupon the agent of the other side rose and gave corroborative evidence as to the decease of the gentleman in question.

"And pray, sir, how do you know the man's dead?" demanded the barrister.

"Well," was the reply, "I don't know. It's very difficult to prove."

"As I suspected," returned the irate barrister. "You don't know whether he's dead or not."

The barrister glanced triumphantly round the court. His expression gradually underwent a change as the witness coolly continued:

"I was saying, sir, that I don't know whether he is dead or not, but I do know this: they buried him about a month ago on suspicion."—Exchange.

The Right Rev. Thomas Underwood Dudley, of Kentucky, one of the eminent bishops in the Episcopal Church, enjoys a good story as well as if he did not wear the cloth. He tells this one on himself:

A number of years ago he was going by train to one of the smaller towns of his diocese to hold services. He was enjoying a cigar in the smoker, and upon the seat facing him was a very large valise, containing his clerical vestments. A drummer sitting back of him, noticing his jaunty traveling cap, leaned forward and inquired:

"Traveling man, eh?"

"Yes," answered the Bishop.

"What house d'ye represent?"

"The biggest house in the world."

"Shillito's?" (the largest house in Cincinnati) asked the drummer.

"Bigger than that."

"Marshall Field?"

"Bigger than that."

"A. T. Stewart's?"

"Bigger yet."

"Well, what house is it? Those are the best I know."

"I represent, sir," said the Bishop, impressively, "the house of God."

The salesman gave a gasp, then glancing at the mammoth valise, exclaimed:

"Well, all I've got to say is, you carry a pretty full line of samples."—New York Tribune.

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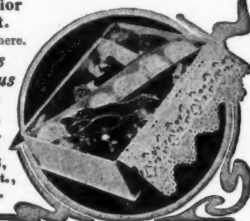
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For the Summer of 1902 the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has arranged to run two personally conducted tours to Canada and Northern New York. These tours will leave July 19 and August 13, including Niagara Falls, Thousand Islands, Rapids of the St. Lawrence, Quebec, The Saguenay, Montreal, Au Sable Chasm, Lakes Champlain and George, and Saratoga, occupying fifteen days; round-trip rate, \$125.

Each tour will be in charge of one of the Company's tourist agents, assisted by an experienced lady as chaperon, whose especial charge will be unescorted ladies.

The rate covers railway and boat fare for the entire round trip, parlor-car seats, meals en route, hotel entertainment, transfer charges, and carriage hire.

For detailed itinerary, tickets, or any additional information, address Tourist Agent, Pennsylvania Railroad Company, 1196 Broadway, New York; 860 Fulton Street, Brooklyn; 789 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.; or Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

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 "Certainly; I know a barber who has three little shavers."—*Unidentified.*

"CAN she remember what happened on her twenty-sixth birthday?"

"Yes; she was just eighteen."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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"You say the evening wore on. What did it wear?"

"Why, the close of day, of course."—*University of Minnesota Punch Bowl.*

"WELL, Ethel, what did you find at that wonderful fire sale?"

"Oh, Edgar, I got some lovely silk stockings at seventeen cents a pair! There is not a thing the matter with them except the feet are burned off."—*Detroit Free Press.*

HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

The ideal hotel of America for permanent and transient guests.

"Do you think perfection is ever actually attained in this life?" asked the serious youth.

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne; "some people become perfect bores."—*Washington Star.*

"PA," said the little mosquito, "what does 'perseverance' mean, anyway?"

"Perseverance, my child," replied the wise old insect, "means finding a hole in a wire screen."—*Philadelphia Press.*

YOUR business cares will vanish if you always call for Cook's Imperial Extra Dry, when you drink Champagne.

ASKED, the other day, why it is so few of his race committed suicide, Brother Dickey replied: "Well, suh, my experience is, some of 'em don't need ter; dey lynches 'em soon enough!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

HOTELS CHAMBERLIN and HYGIEA, Old Point Comfort, Va.

Don't miss a trip this winter to the beautiful Hotel Chamberlin!

"You are not a workingman," said the curbstone orator, "or you wouldn't talk that way."

"You are wrong, sir!" fiercely answered the man who had interrupted him. "I am a member of a Browning club, and if an institution of that kind isn't organized labor I don't know what is!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

HEALTH means strength. Abbott's, the original Angostura Bitters means health. At druggists and grocers.

A FRENCH writer traveling in Russia sends home a clever mot of a Russian official. The writer was complaining of a remarkable and suspicious delay in his mail. A letter sent by him had taken five days to reach Paris! The official said: "The delay is deplorable. It is with the police as with the stomach—when one is aware of it it is working badly."—*New York Tribune.*

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On account of the meeting Y. P. C. U. of the Presbyterian Church, at Tacoma, Wash., July 23 to 27, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets to Tacoma, Portland, Seattle, Vancouver, or Victoria from all stations on its lines, from July 10 to July 20, inclusive, at greatly reduced rates. These tickets will be good for return passage until September 15, inclusive, when executed, by Joint Agent at destination and payment of 50 cents made for this service. Apply to Ticket Agents for additional information.

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 —*Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.*

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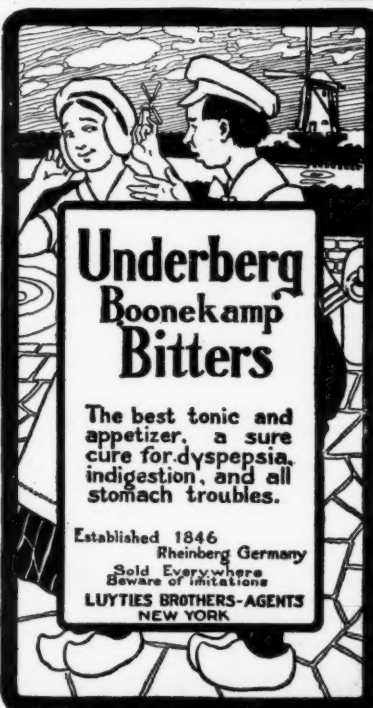
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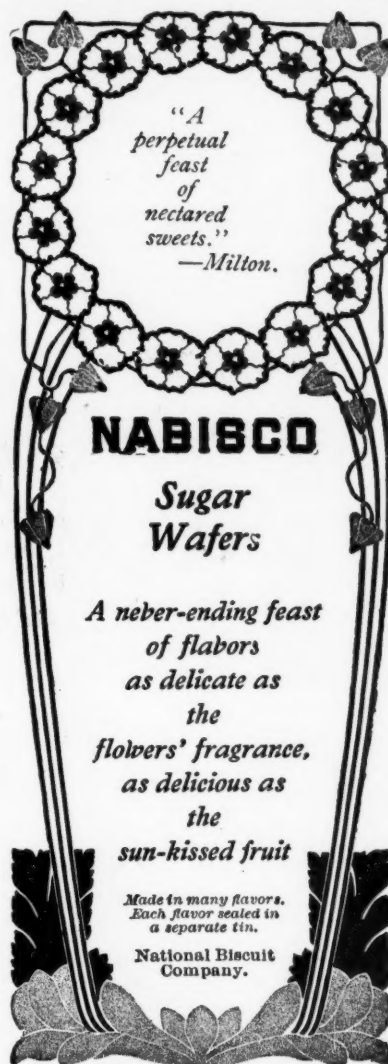


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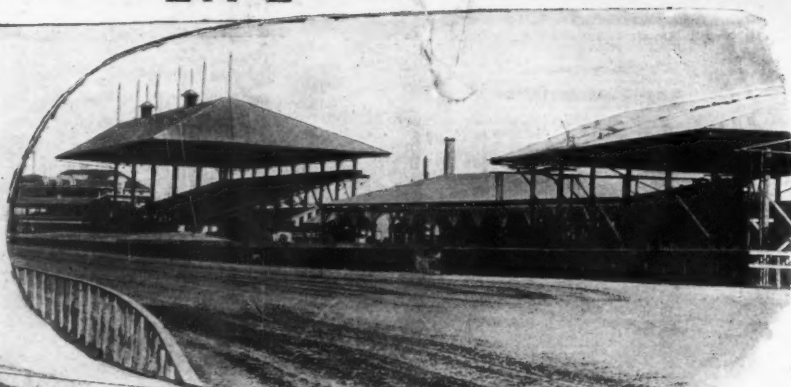
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The new paddock has a broad gallery running around the four sides of the building. This feature is a novel one, and is for the purpose of permitting women to scrutinize the horses in the paddock. It is thus that the club arouses an interest in horses on the part of their fair guests and breaks up that feminine custom of judging a horse by the name,

or the colors of the jockey.

The new grand stand admits freely the invigorating ocean breezes. It seats comfortably five thousand persons, and every one of its arena-like seats commands a perfect view of the entire course.

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